

Official Newsletter of the Founder Younger Boys and Pre-Senior Camps  
Camp Miniwanca, Stony Lake, Michigan  
The American Youth Foundation, 3930 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri

April 1940

IT'S A NEW "PRE-CAMP" SONG PERCY FRISEY'S BEEN SINGING THESE DAYS

(Sing to the tune of "Three Blind Mice")



C'MON  
FELLAS,  
LET'S ALL  
SING!

April, May, June --  
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-- Time's coming soon  
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When the campers will gather on the dunes  
To sing again our merry tunes --  
And laugh and play like a bunch of goons  
April, May, June --

YESSIR, FRIENDS, THE DAYS ARE SPEEDING ALONG

Merrily they roll along -- we hope -- for all of us. For what's the use of living if we can't be merry. It won't be long now before the Miniwanca outfit will be gathering on the shores of Stony Lake, Stony Creek, and Lake Michigan, for another big Founder camping adventure. Man alive, think of it -- June 17! Yowsah, that's the date -- yowsah, yowsah, yowsah!!

AND GATHER THEY WILL

And from a wide range of states! That's one of the nice things about Miniwanca -- a fellow has a chance to meet up with a lot of fine fellows from many different states. Let's see -- I think there were 18 of them last summer. That's right -- 18 -- I've just checked them. Here they are: Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

IT'S INTERESTING AND EDUCATIONAL

to live for a while each summer with fellows from other states than the one you come from. And think how simple it is to do it these days! Why, I remember when I was a boy, to see a fellow from another state was like viewing a curiosity. People just didn't get around much those days. But today we just say, "Well, family, what do you say to taking a little automobile trip?" "OK", says everyone, and into the car you jump on a moment's notice, and off you go -- traveling into a half dozen states perhaps before you return.

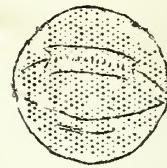
BUT THAT ISN'T QUITE AS GOOD

as actually living with a bunch of fine boys from other states -- for that's the only way to get a real slant on how other boys live, what they're thinking about, how they talk and act, and so on. The boys from the North get a big kick out of the nice soft drawl of the southern boys and the boys from the South equally enjoy the language "pekoiliarities" of the northern boys -- and so it goes. Lots of fun!

BY THE WAY

We have two new games to introduce at camp this summer -- the one is a sort of football golf. It's a regular game, with rules and all, and with regular holes made of metal, laid out just like a golf course. A whole bunch of fellows can play at a time, teeing off just like in golf -- a twosome, or a foursome, or you can go it alone. That will be a fine game to add to the tribal tournaments.

The other game is a dandy! It is brand-new and is being taken up by high schools and colleges and playgrounds all over the country. It is a new kind of basket ball, and you toss the ball (a regular basket ball) into the basket just like in a basket ball game, only you have no backboard to bounce your ball against. It must be a clean shot every time. The game can be played anywhere -- in the middle of a field, or by the tennis courts -- anywhere at all. And there's a lot of passing to it -- tell you more about it in camp!



WE WERE ROLLING ALONG

not exactly on "moonlight bay" but on good old roller skates. Yowsah! Next summer, my good friend, you will want to remember to pack a pair of roller skates in your duffel bag. Why? Well because, sir, we are going to have some moonlight skating parties on the big cement playground. Yessir, believe it or not, music and all -- for we'll take a victrola down there on those occasions and listen to "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny" and "South of the Border" and what have you!

THE GALS DID IT



last year and liked it! So, here we go -- I mean those roller skating parties! Why it might even be made a part of our set-up for that Joint Banquet -- "hoo" knows! At any rate, stuff those roller skates into your bag, for it's certain that we're going to have some roller skating parties this summer -- Barney take note!

### SOME CAMPERS AND LEADERS

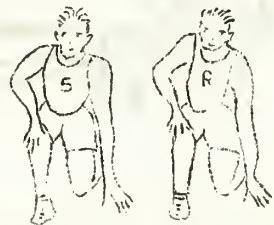
have already sent books up to camp to start a permanent boys' library. Yessir, and I know you'd all like to help. Why not do it right away? Everyone of you has some books lying around the house you don't want any more. Just bring them up to camp with you or send them postpaid to Camp Miniwanca. Already we have from 75 to 100 books -- and if everyone helps think what a big library we'll have!

### DID YOU FELLOWS KNOW

that Ralph Lohrey dusted off a nice front seat for himself last summer in the Miniwanca Hall of Fame, by being the first man in the 26 years of Senior Camps to win the senior athletic meet four years in succession? Some record -- and remember, pleeze, Ralph is the athletic director of YB and Pre-Senior units -- and he's going to be back on the job with us again this summer. A letter from Ralph the other day says he is rarin' to go.

### RALPH AND SQUID

were running neck and neck as it were in the senior athletic meet, and for a time it was hard to tell which would come out -- now Ralph would win a first, then word would go out along the line that Squid had knocked off a first, then Ralph, then Squid, and so on -- till Squid finally bowed himself out of the picture and Ralph breezed past to his seat in the Hall of Famo. When you fellows come back this year, you'll want these two fellows to show you some more of their athletic technique -- a good place to learn the how of track stuff is at Miniwanca.



### AND NOW CAMPER!

How about that registration card? At this time of the year registrations take a big spurt and before you know it the usual thing will happen -- camp filled! The limit set for this year is 125 for all three units as follows:

Darers (fellows 11 and 12 years)	-- 35
Doers (fellows 13 and 14 years)	-- 50
Pre-Seniors (fellows 15, 16, 17 years)	-- 40

Registrations are coming in now in increasing numbers. So-o-o-o-o -- be sure to get yours in soon.

### AND THAT PAL OF YOURS

Remember, one of the things that makes Miniwanca so fine is that we have such a "swell bunch" of boys, and they are "swell" because they are all personally recommended by old campers, leaders, and parents. It's your privilege to pick a boy or two for the 1940 camps. If you have not yet sent in the names of some of your pals -- do this quick -- and we'll write them and send a folder to each one.

### AND SPEAKING OF FOLDERS

The new ones are now off the press. A copy has been sent to each camper and leader. After you have looked through your folder, share it with some of your friends. If you want another folder, drop us a card.

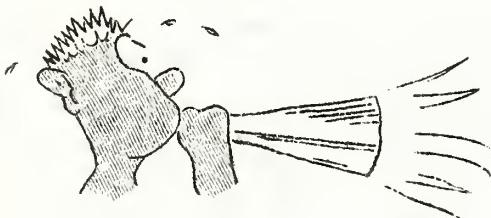
\*\*\* WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT SOME OF THE LEADERS HAVE TO SAY \*\*\*

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"AHoy", CHIRPS SQUID

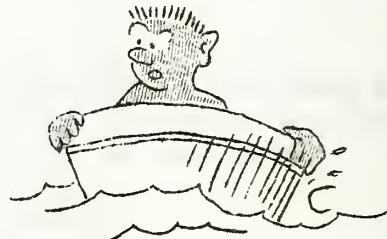
None of you lubbers will believe this, but last fall when I was cleaning out the dock box I found, besides three dozen of Bob Gilliam's towels, a diary. It wasn't one of the written kind. It was a collection of articles which told about events of the past summer. When I picked them up they started talking, and what I write here is what they said, as far as I can remember it.

One of the first things I came to was a small well-polished canoe paddle -- the "maintenance paddle". It started shouting about, "Hit the line you lubbers and keep quiet....don't you know you're not supposed to be on the dock unless it's your sailing time?....I'll give you three....all right, Clayton, beat it now; and you too, Brunner, the girls are coming....come on bosen, let's get 'em! Crack!!"

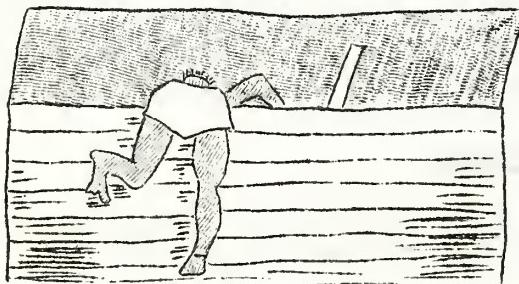


Then after five of Gilliam's towels the horn came into sight. It was blowing about: "Five more minutes....four....three....two....then one long one for the start....come on you lubbers, look alive out there!....what are you trying to do, hang out a wash?....when you hear this horn get those scows back here in a hurry -- and don't bust the dock....don't touch me, the bosen's just polished me -- and only the staff can blow me....now beat it!"

In the sail compartment I found a tub. All it said was, "Sit in the middle, Rothgeb." It had been there since the 4th of July. Under the tub was a layer of shoes all mumbling the names of their owners -- cries for Drew drowned out all the rest. Anyway, under them was another of Gilliam's towels (we're going to use them for sails next summer) and beneath it I was shocked to find Jack Clayton. I woke him up and told him camp had ended a month ago, to which he replied very sleepily, "Oh, did it?" and went back to sleep again.



In one of the gear pails I unearthed a seascout's hat which I promptly burned. The rescue motor was in its usual position at the bottom of the pile in the gear locker. It was babbling about "There goes that throat halyard; let's go get 'em, bosen!" and then "Yeow-ow, there goes Turtle! Hurry up, bosen, spin me, spin me!"



And so it went! All the stuff in the box had something to say. Next summer the old dock box will be filled up again with different things, all telling about new experiences and reflecting new faces. Davey Jones' Locker has nothing on the dock box for memories.

-- JIM ORWIG

BARNEY PAUSES TO SAY, "HELLO GANG!"

It will be only a little more than two months until we'll all be making our way back to Miniwanca for another great season of training in the fourfold way of life. On Monday, June 17, you fellows will come up those "golden stairs" to get your new tent assignments, to find out who your tentmates are, to pile out of your city clothes into camp trunks, and to begin a really thrilling period of development.

When you get to the top of the steps and look around camp you'll find a few changes. Wadjepi is always making sure that our camp equipment is improved and up-to-date. But on the whole, Miniwanca will look very much as it did last year: the same golden sand dunes, the same shining waters of Michigan and Stony, the same beautiful green of the pines and white of the birch trunks. Mother Nature is pretty old and doesn't change very much.

You will also find the same leaders who were with you last year. There will be a few new faces, but those of us who are back again you will find are very much like we were last year. We hope there will be some improvement in us and some change, because we are still growing. But we leaders have all reached the age in life when growth has slowed down. We learn lots of new things each year, but outwardly we don't change much.

But what about you fellows? That's what interests me. Most of you are right at that age when a fellow grows so fast he rises right out of all his clothes. I'll bet that some fellow will have grown six inches in height since last year. And some other fellow will be twenty pounds heavier. Most of you will be at least an inch or two taller and about ten pounds heavier than you were a year ago. Don't you think it would be a good stunt to get out last year's heights and weights and find out just how much each of you has changed in a year?

But that isn't the thing that is going to interest me most. What I want to find out is, not how much you have grown, but how well you have grown. What good does it do a fellow to put on ten pounds and to grow three inches if he hasn't made sure that it's good physical growth. I've known some fellows who shot up like young trees, but got lazy while they were doing it. That isn't Miniwanca living! I've known other fellows that haven't grown much but have learned to use their bodies much more cleverly even though they haven't added any height. That is Miniwanca living!

Most of you campers will be a year further ahead in school. But what good does it do a fellow to get promoted if he doesn't learn to apply himself and to get better grades than he did a year ago? All of you will have met a lot of new people during the year. But what good does it do to meet people if you can't become friends with them? All of you will have been going to Sunday School and Church during the year. It won't have been worthwhile unless you have learned how to be a better man and unless you have met the problem of deciding how to express in your own life what you have been told.

It is one thing to get bigger, to go to school, to meet people, and to attend your church. Anyone can do that. It is something else to grow stronger, to become more intelligent, to make friends, and to become a better character. That takes something on your part. It was that something we tried to give you at Miniwanca last summer. That something is the fourfold balanced life -- MPSR. How well have you applied those lessons to yourself?



When you fellows come up to that registration desk next June 17, I'm going to look for changes. Maybe you'll want to stop right there at the desk and show me a real change or two. Perhaps some fellow who didn't make a high record on the track meet last year will lean over and tell me, "I've clipped two seconds off that 100-yard dash time" or will roll up his sleeve and show me a biceps that amounts to something. Perhaps another fellow will look me in the eye and say "Barney, I just knocked that old school work for a loop and got a 95 average for the year." Man alive, wouldn't that be a

record to come back to camp with. Someone else may tell me, "Last year I found some odd jobs to do and earned some money on the side. I was able to pay a little of my own expenses and to give something to church and other organizations besides." Now that's what I call real growth -- and it's the sort of change I'll be looking for in all you fellows.

Why not sit right down tonight and make a little check-up of yourself. Get a sheet of paper and make two columns. In the first one make a list of the things you have done since camp which show real improvement. Then in the next column make a list of the things you can do in the next two months that will be added improvements. Why don't you ask your dad or mother to sit in with you while you make the list. They will be able to tell you lots of little improvements you have made that you may not have noticed yourself. And they will certainly be able to help you decide what you can get done in the next two months. Then send your list in to Wadjepi and let him see just how each of you is getting along.

What I want to see next year is some real growth in each fellow that comes up those steps and says, "Let's go for the best camp ever in 1940!"

Yours for growth,

BARNEY

#### SINGING SAM OPINES

By the power of words I give to all you fellows a real Founder greeting! Now I'll use another power and that will be my imagination. Here I am in the Paul Bunyan country where the chill winds blow, and now I'm zipping to drenched California, then south to scandal-shaken Louisiana, east to the largest city of us all, then west again only to end up lost in the smoke of St. Louis. This whirling trip passes near us all and includes within its hold a Founder spirit as strong as the strength of any at these great bordering metropolises. It's this pep and force, fellows, that's been known to surge to all parts of our earth.

It may seem hard to stand this old Founder zip next to the unyielding, clamoring, blustering, hurrying crowds that push us every day like a train plunging and racing with unrelentless force into a tunnel, but it's strength that can be compared to any other challenge when working with fourfold power.

It's this that we're going to lift with our hoofs next summer and take back to its old stamping grounds for two weeks. There it was born, there's where it grew, and from there it will always pulse.

-- SAM COOK

BIG GEORGE IS COMING BACK AND SAYS --

In a very few weeks the chill winds now with us will have gone. Camp time and joy time will be here. What do you say, fellows -- the 1940 Younger Boys Camp far ahead of the best of years past! From morning dip to council dell, let's all be filled with that good Founder spirit of give and take that makes the Founder Way one of ever-challenging greatness. So long, until our day -- June 17!

-- GEORGE MCGUIRE

HERE'S FROM TURTLE OLIVER

Glance at that thermometer on your back porch and take a look at everything about you and then think of Miniwanca and the good old summertime. Believe me, it'll be paradise to get back to sailing and swimming in Stony Lake, hiking over the sand dunes and through those deep woods, and doing all the thousands of other things that camp offers. Spring is fine, but you can't beat a summer at good old Miniwanca. I'll sure be seeing you all in June, and the days till then can't pass by quickly enough for me.

-- BILL OLIVER



The other day it was so cold here in Madison, Wisconsin, that ol' Percy Frisby, my roommate wrapped himself in all his blankets, and -- in a supreme effort to get warm -- climbed up on the only steam radiator in our room and said: "I won't get offa this thing till I melt or till YB camp opens -- preferably the latter!" With my teeth chattering both because of the cold and fear of coming school exams, said I: "Percy, those are my sentiments exactly -- so move over!" So gang, we'll climb down off of our radiator the 16th of June and we'll see all of you YB old-timers at Miniwanca the 17th. Now don't disappoint us -- BE THERE!

-- Percy Frisby and BOB HARE

AND HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM "SHORTY" MORSE

Hello YB and Pre-Senior campers! You have no idea how glad I am to have the privilege of being with you this summer in our wonderful camp on the sand dunes of Michigan. For the past five years I've had the good fun of serving as a member of the leadership staff of Older Boys Camp -- so I know what Miniwanca is like! But this will be my first "look in" on the YB camp, and I can hardly wait till June comes to see the fine bunch of campers and leaders I'll be working with.

Wadjepi has been telling me a lot about you and he says that for real sportsmanship he would put his Miniwanca YB and Pre-Senior boys up against any camp group in the country. That sure does sound good to me for if there's anything I like to see in a fellow it's the quality of good sportsmanship.

I'm coming to camp with the resolve to make this an outstanding year so far as the YB and Pre-Senior camps are concerned, and good old Barney Blakemore tells me he is all rarin' to go. So what do you say if we just team up to make this the happiest and best camp in the history of Camp Miniwanca. Are you with me? Let's go --

-- T. AUBREY MORSE

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR NEWS FROM SOME OF OUR CAMPERS

Dick McFalls is trying to keep himself fourfold by playing football, thinking hard, going to church, and trying to make friends. At school he goes in for football, basketball, volley ball, and baseball. Dick is president of his home room too.

John McFalls tells us that his big hobby is stamp and coin collecting. To make his life more fourfold, John goes to church regularly and takes part in many sports. He has a lot of fun playing on an outside football team.



Jack Brunner says that at school he goes in for football, dramatics, belongs to Hi-Y, and plays in a dance orchestra. To keep fourfold, Jack goes to Christian Endeavor, reads a book every two weeks, plays on the football team, and belongs to a fortnightly. His big hobby is sports and dramatics.

Jack adds this remark (or shall we say threat) -- "The campers are sure going to lick those leaders on July 4, 1940."

Don Lovett was recently honored by being elected into the National Honor Society. He is president of the Aero Club, and secretary of the Gas Model Club, and treasurer of his Sunday School class. To keep his life in balance he attends church regularly, attends all social functions at school and participates in sports in his spare time. At school Don goes in for the band, Hi-Y, and Psychology, besides belonging to the Aero and Gas Model Clubs. As you may have guessed, his big hobby is gas model airplanes.



Pierre Zetterberg writes that he has one hard job working on the year book at school -- he's the business manager. He is also vice-president of the Dramatic Club and of the Epworth League at church, and he is a member of Student Council at school. There he also goes in for Hi-Y, Leatherlungs, science society, glee club, and plays tennis by way of sports.



To keep himself fourfold, Pierre studies hard, takes part in church work, goes to dances and parties, and plays basketball and football. His big hobby is studying for his school work and playing his saxophone.

Steve Weatherby's big hobby is playing the piano. At school he goes in for band, orchestra, skiing, German Club, and Student Congress. He is president of the orchestra and treasurer of the Student Congress. He sets aside a definite time for study, attends Sunday School and church regularly, is active in scouting, and enjoys most sports (his specialty is skiing) all in an effort to keep his life in balance fourfoldly.

Steve is doing his part and finding time to spread the Founder message too! He says that he recently brought up some of the ideas discussed at Miniwanca, in his Sunday School class, and the fellows were quite enthusiastic over them.



??? WHAT HAS CAMP MEANT TO YOU ???

???

A FOUR-TIME CAMPER SPEAKS

Camp has done me a lot of good, at least my parents say so. I am a senior in high school now, and I begin to realize more clearly what camp life at Stony Lake means to a boy in a beneficial way.

I have filled out the circle on my plaque and each project meant training and experience in character building and skill along various lines.

1. The outdoor life in the woods, and both in and on the lake, has built up my physical strength and endurance.
2. The class work, the vespers, and the Sunday services, help a fellow in ways that he does not realize until later on.

I liked the fellowship and fun. There is always a fine bunch of boys in camp and a great staff of leaders. Baseball, tennis, and swimming interest me a great deal; so does music.

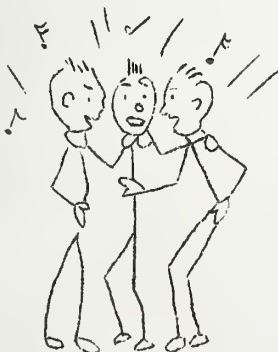
If any boy is hesitating about going to Camp Miniwanca, my advice is "GO", for "he who hesitates is lost".

WELL -- OUR TIME IS UP

It has been nice to have this little visit with you. I am hoping you will all enjoy a fine spring season -- and don't forget to dust off that old duffel bag and begin soon to get your camp togs together -- for it won't be long now!

IN CLOSING

Let's all sing again our theme song -- to the tune of "Three Blind Mice" --



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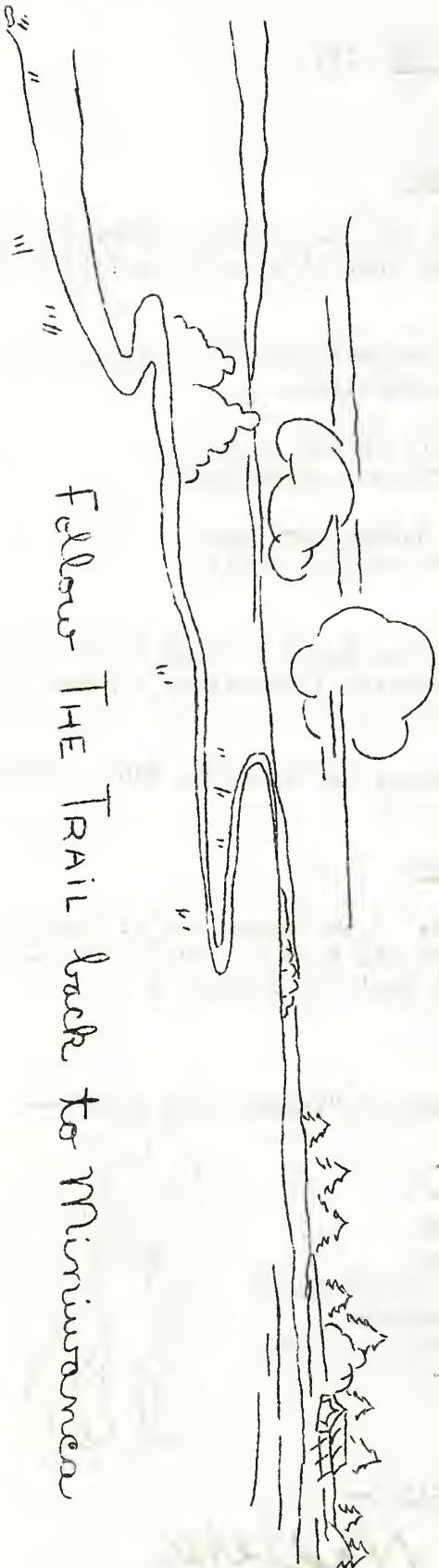


SO LONG, CAMPERS -- YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME AGAIN --

*Wadjepi*

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

The American Youth Foundation  
3930 Lindell Boulevard  
St. Louis, Missouri



FOLLOW THE TRAIL back to Minuteman